

Bacchanalian Sessions;  
OR THE  
Contention of Liquors:  
WITH  
A Farewel to Wine.

---

By the Author of the *Search after Claret*, &c.

---

To which is added,

A Satyrical Poem on one who had injur'd his  
Memory. By a Friend.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for E. Haslegrave. 1693.

THE  
Bacchanalian Sessions;  
OR THE  
Contention of Fiddlers;  
WITH  
A Farewell to Wine.

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By the Author of the *Seventeenth Century*, &c.

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To which is added,  
A Satirical Poem on one who had injured his  
Memory. By a Friend.

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LONDON,  
Printed for E. Hawley. 1693.

To the Memory of

Mr. Richard Ames:

Being a SATYRE

BOOKSELLER

Who injur'd him after his Death.

THO nothing else these lines can recommend,  
They'll show I'm not ashamed to own my Friend;  
Who e're upon his Altar rudely tread,  
Living I lov'd, and will revenge him dead.  
Accept these grateful Exequies, *Dear Shade!*  
Those Rites to thy much injur'd Manes paid;  
Thus dies the Wretch who dar'd blaspheme thy Name,  
Thus o're thy Tomb I sacrifice his Fame.

Basfer than that Traytor's Crew

Who would the Work of Heaven itself undo,  
Say, Monster! what foul Lust of gain possess'd,  
What Fury seiz'd thy Sacrilegious breast,  
That no less Wickedness cou'dst thou content  
Than madly tearing up a Monument?  
What Wolf begat thee? Manhood we're pretend!  
Not any Beast beside: the Dead would rend.

No Bookfeller but H——— e're contriv'd,  
To plague an Author longer than he liv'd.

This thy Judgment is, the Proofs are clear,  
And now thy Sentence, Wretch, prepare to hear.

In the same Road of Dullness shall you go,  
Talk to the end of those Vain Reams thou'rt sold,  
Print ten times weaker, sillier Stuff than he,  
That mauls us with the City Mercury,  
Fleckno and Bugian call from Lethe Lake,  
More Ballads and more Godly Books to make,  
Nothing but these e're print, or what's as well,  
If a good Copy, may it never tell  
Such weighty Prose as K—— or N—— indite,  
Such humble Rymes as F or G——— write,  
Or some dull Treason for the Jacobite.  
Th' Impression seiz'd, e're thou of one dost part,  
And when 'tis burnt just underneath thy Nose,  
May'st thou Se'n Tears the crowded Street survey,  
Thro' Wooden-Ring-enchanted, white & dry,  
This Pennace pass, if this thou should'st see free,  
Perhaps on Due contrition, I'll forgive.

### E P I T A P H.

H ERE lies one who liv'd free from ill Nature and Pride,  
He liv'd but too fast, and too quickly he dy'd.  
He mist all the Pintners, whom he knew but too well,  
And the Ghost of Tom Saffold rejoyc'd when he fell.  
Light lie the soft dust, untrod let it be,  
As far from constraint, and as easy as he.

T H E



( 6 )

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THE  
Bacchanalian Sessions:  
OR THE  
CONTENTION  
OF  
LIQUORS.

**S**ince to drive away cares, or the plague of Dull Thinking,  
All men more or less give themselves to good Drinking,  
To refresh their tired Senses, and chase away Sorrow,  
Grief, Pain, and troublesome Thoughts of to morrow.  
Yet in the choice of the Liqueurs Difficulties have arisen,  
What to one Palate's grateful, to others a Poison;  
For one man shall praise as the light of good Claret,  
While another, who recks not with the Goat, can't forbear it.  
At the sight of a French Brand will some Men look pale,  
Yet lay all their Senses a soaking in Ale.

(22)  
Six Men in a Tavern dispos'd to be merry,  
Shall drink six sorts of Wine; the first he drinks *Sberry*;  
The second to *Claret*, with hearty pretension;  
And the third treats his Palate with *White Wine* and *Gentian*;  
And pale *Rhenish* the fourth before all other Wine chuses,  
And the fifth thinks *Good Tear* is the best of all Juices;  
While the sixth Man from all their Opinions does vary,  
Pleas'd only with mixture of *Hack* and *Canary*.

To the Ears of God *Bacchus*, that Heathen old Toper,  
The Patron of Drunkards, and Foe to the Sober,  
The News soon arriv'd, as his *Godship* was making  
A full *Ball* for some great *Uncovering*,  
So throwing by *Sugar*, *Toast*, *Nutmeg* and *Lemons*,  
Call'd a Council, and presently order'd a *Summons*,  
Commanding all *Liquors*, small, strong, mild and stale,  
From the *Joints of the Grape*, up to *Adams plain Ale*,  
To repair to the Hall of the *Vintners* terrestrial,  
Where his *Godship* bestriding a Hoghead celestial,  
Would sit *Umpire*, and judge in the mighty Convention,  
And hear every *Liquors* Complaint and *Pretension*.

The *Summons* receiv'd, each and every *Liquor*,  
Strove who in *Obedience* should be the quicker,  
When strait from *Vaults*, *Stairs*, *Passes*, *Cellars* and *Ambles*,  
Each *Liquid* in haste to the great Meeting march'd;  
In overgrown *Tuns*, *Pipes*, *Kegs*, *Hogheads* and *Barrels*,  
*Punchbells*, *Kilderkins*, *Porting*, *Quills*, *Barrels*,  
Does good moisture contain, rolling through *Streets* and *Alleys*,  
With a motion like *Ships* between *Deire* and *Galley*.

Till they came to the Court of the *Yankee Hall*, where all  
Where all in good order to hear the Dispute.

By a double *Huzzah* from the Court Affiliants,  
(Which as Authors relate was heard Twenty Miles distance)  
Timely Notice was given, *Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,*  
And some other brisk *Gods* who their Footsteps did follow,  
Were descended in Shape of some mortal *Paragon*,  
To hear the Disputes which were ready before 'em.

But fore Tryal began, as our Histories tell us,  
God *Bacchus* and all his *Celestial Fellows*,  
Took a gentle *Carouse* at the Head of the *But*,  
Their Judgments to clear when the *Cale* should be put.

Proclamation for Silence first made by the *Crier*,  
Who by birth was a *German*, or fame is a *Liar*,  
The *God* (with a *Roll* Wrath circling his Forehead)  
In a short pishy Speech but sententious and florid:  
Told 'em he for his part, was most heartily sorry,  
That Mortals so strangely pour Liquors should vary,  
And that his sole Errand, as boldly he would say,  
Was only to judge of what every one could say;  
And by weighing what Arguments each one pretended,  
Give his Sentence that to all Disputes might be ended.

Upon this a loud *Uproar* was heard in the *Hall*,  
And each for Preheminence loudly did bawl,  
With such Clamors the Noise you might hear it a Mile hence,  
But Orders were instantly given for Silence.

When

When from *Enthusiasm* arising, *He* *doth* *the* *World* *renown* *and* *praise* *bring* *down*;  
With a hoarse broken Voice that begins for to tell now,  
That above all the rest he was fitter to the Crown,  
As being the Liquor to us Mankind first was known;  
For I am, Mighty Sir, without staining the Matter,  
The Primitive Liquor the Latins call a *Wine*,  
Which the Patriarches drank and then was not numbered  
That some Men should be the Age of Nine Hundred;  
Whereas now by made Equare of humane contriving,  
Men at Forty or Fifty go out from the Living;  
Or else——Hold your prating (says *Bacchus* in *Fury*)  
I my self in this Case will be both Judge and Jury;  
And as for'd as I am at thy *saucy* *Presumption*,  
With thy Look pale and wan like a man in *Consumption*,  
To contend for the *Palm* with these generous *Joints*,  
What Man in his Wits were for *Plagues* that chafe;  
To thy Cistern return, and I charge by *Heaven's* *Rales*,  
That none ever drink thee but *Madmen* and *Fools*.

The Court all approv'd what his *Gadfly* had utter'd,  
And *Element* vanish, the *be-brown'd* *Samson* and *murder*;  
When *Canary* starts up, and in *fiery* *Oration*,  
Gave himself very ample and large *Commendation*;  
How he cherish'd the *Blood* and enerv'd the *Spirits*,  
No other *Wines* having the half of his *Merits*,  
Nay more, that of all the rich *Wines* in the *Hall*,  
His was the most *Catholic* *Grape* of them all;  
But *Bacchus* not pleas'd with this *humble* *Acquiescence*,  
With a Frown quickly flung a *his* *Order* *down*.



*Tent and Muskadine* next 'gan to open their Throats;  
And each loudly bawld for Majority of Votes  
Nor was *Alicant* wanting to joyn in the Chorus,  
And of his great Vertues told many odd Stories,  
But *Bacchus* well knowing 'twas not very fit,  
That a Meal should be made of a Relishing Bit,  
Quickly told 'em that he in his Judgment did think,  
Cordials ne're were intended for Man's Common Drink.

The next that stood up with a Countenance merry,  
Was a pert sort of Wine which the Moderns call *Sberry*.  
Who told all the Gods that their Votes be not doubted,  
Since of late so belov'd scarce a Tavern without it.  
*Hah*, says *Bacchus*, as sure as Discharge of a Pistol,  
This Dapper young Spark is but new come from Bristol;  
And told him his Juice, tho' the most Vintners did buy,  
It was never esteemed as a Liguor to sit by;  
But assur'd him when ere he to Bristol came down,  
He'd take care to create him the Mayor of the Town.

Skiping over the heads of *Tuns*, *Hogheads*, and *Barrels*,  
(On which there had like to have hapned some Quarrels)  
A *Red Wine* appears, and in Language most pretty,  
Told *Bacchus*, and all the Assembled Committee,  
His Vertues (says *Bacchus*) but pray Sir what are you,  
I am, *Mighty Sirs*, a new Wine call'd *Red Sherry*.  
*Redsherry*? quoth *Bacchus*, and pray Master *Sheeps-head*  
Where live you?—*Why, Sir, at the Shepherd in Cheapside.*

After which the God took off a large brimming Tuffet,  
And bid him commend his kind Love to his Master,  
But told him such precedents never had Knowledge,  
That a Fresh-man was ere chose the head of the College.

The Red Wines were next to have spoken in order,  
But by bawling and yelping they made such Disorder,  
That 'twas presently told by the Great God of Wine,  
They all should give place to the Grape of the Rhine;  
Upon which, in clean Vessel, not tatter'd and shagrag,  
Appears Rhenish, Hock, Old and Young, Moselle, and Backrag;  
But knowing their Interest grew weaker and weaker,  
They the great Sun at Heidelberg chose for their Speaker:  
Being chosen (says he) Mighty Sir, to say truly,  
Some Palates judicious have said or they do lie,  
No Wines do the Stomach so highly replenish,  
As a Brimmer of Hock, or a Bumper of Rhenish;  
If your Godships can then but approve of the Rhine Fall,  
Your Verdict we hope you'll give in for the Plaintiff.  
Brother Guts, then quoth Bacchus, methinks you're too quick Sir,  
To bespeak our good word for your German Elixir;  
I'll tell you before the Cause come to an end on't,  
If we've Ears for the Plaintiff, we've for the Defendant;  
Besides I must tell you, ye Sons of the Rhine,  
You're at best but a kind of Hermaphrodite Wine;  
For those who of late have curous & good Drunch,  
Do say your part German, part Dutch, and part French;  
I'll then, by the force of Arms, pour in our Helms,  
I shall be known to what Prince all your Interests belong;  
To your several Quarters you all may return,  
And so for this time the Debate we adjourn.

The White Wines were next to the Bar closely pressing,  
And Trusty Langoon to God Bacchus addressing,  
Told his Godship what mighty and great Reparation  
His Liquor had gained in the English Nation,  
That of him ev'ry morning each thirsty poor Sinner,  
Took a Pint for a Whet, to prepare him for Dinner;  
And therefore it must be a truth very lasting,  
The Wine must be best which the Drunkards drink sipping.  
In vain then, quoth Bacchus, we make drinking Laws;  
When you are the Wine which fills up our Glass,  
The Whets you pretend I can never think well of,  
You Whet, but pray when I drink you wet all the Steel of  
The Stomack, and then a Man's ready for drinking,  
As much as a Man in a Storm is for thinking,  
For he in my Books is the only good Fellow,  
In the Morning who's sober, in the Evening who's mellow.  
Therefore Mr. Langoon pray desist from your prating,  
And talk no more Nonsense in praise of your Whetting:  
For Ten Mornings Draught Men, and Whetting young Blades,  
Have for one Evenings Toper gone down to the Shades.

The Red Wines to gallantries decently will  
Like a Call of New Sergeants which go by Whitehall  
In Coats party-colour'd, so that by Extraction,  
Were half of them Spanish, and half the French Faction.  
But in this they agreed, that since the Word *Claret*,  
Was so dangerous that *Fontaine* to name rarely dare it,  
To be freely content to have Names full as many,  
As *sharping* Young Bullies, or *City* Punks any.

Made

Having

Made use to bilk an old Lodging, or manège

A Raw Country Cully as yet in his Non-age

*Hah, says Bacchus, these look like your Lads of Irish Mettle,*

*But from whence pray you came all this drove of Red Cattle?*

*Down the Gulph, cross the Alps, or the Mediterranean;*

*For ev'ry one looks like a jolly Companion?*

*We are Mighty Sir, (then reply'd they) poor Strangers,*

*Who passing through infinite Hazards and Dangers*

*Of Pyrates by Sea, and of Robbers by Land,*

*Came to wait on your Highness, and hear your Command;*

*We are call'd Syracuse, Barcelona, Navarre,*

*And what other hard Names our new Masters prescribe,*

*But let's be of any kind, species, or sort,*

*We would all be thought Claret, but nam'd the Red Port.*

*Ab, says Bacchus, how e're you pretend all to flatter,*

*I doubt there's some Reguany, at th' bottom of th' matter,*

*Had you been what you're not, I might by this Barrelogue*

*To you, and you only, I'de given the Laurel*

*For Gods all above, well as Montads below,*

*Th' Effects of good Claret too sensibly know,*

*For there once was a time, but alas the time's fled,*

*When a Punch Bowl gave place to a Bottle of Red,*

*When no other Name ran throw Jove's Olympic great Hall,*

*But for Claret did Gods and their Goddesses call,*

*But since Civil Wars have in Europe wast,*

*What's become of the Rich Burdening Claret in th' throng*

*To our hands came a Letter from mortal judicious*

*Humbly shewing that Claret was now grown so dangerous*

*As drinking being Bullish, or Cuckish, or any thing*



*So counterfeits, poor, pall'd, dull, flat, and insipid,  
 That scarcely 'tis fitting for Man to lay Lip at,  
 Unless by strong faith between sleeping and waking,  
 They would drink a damn'd Wine of the Vintners own making;  
 For I'll bear you no more, till it happen that one Day,  
 The Hogshead I stride in fill'd with Burgundy.  
 If such a kind present year Master can raise,  
 'Tis forty to one I present you the Days.*

*The Red Wines went mumbling, and grumbling away,  
 And a jolly full Punch Bowl came next into play.  
 When a hollow voice spoke from the bottom o' th' Bowl,  
 Mighty God of strong Liquours, which cherish the Soul,  
 Since that Wines are so had as Old Mortals complain,  
 Make me King of good Company once more again,  
 Renew my old Charter and settle my Reign.  
 Yes, my merry Old Friend, said the God, 't must be am'd,  
 That thou of all Liquors deserv'st to be Crown'd,  
 But the Mortals for thee who their Reason would Barter,  
 Must now be contented to quit their Old Charter.  
 They who once on thy Liquors did greedily fall on,  
 Must now pine, since good Nants is twelve shillings the Gallon.  
 An Argument which all our Reasons convinces,  
 Thou'rt a Juice only fit sum for Gods and for Princes,  
 And Mortals for want of thee must be contented,  
 Till Brandy is Cheaper, or else the Wars ended.*

*The Punch Bowl no sooner retir'd or did vanish,  
 But with grave sober pace and a look Aldermanish,*

Having first made a Rev'rence, to Bar there does come,  
 From Brunswick, a fat swinging Barrel of *Mum*,  
 And in stile grave and modest to audience in part does,  
 Relate his good Qualifications and Vertues:  
 But *Bacchus* considering that that kind of Liquor  
 Made twenty Heads dull, for one head it made *Quicker*,  
 And when Men with that Liquor began to be bowzy,  
 They always inclin'd to be sleepy and drowzy,  
 Refus'd him his praises, and what ever might hap,  
 Thought the *Lawrel* lookt scurvily over a *Night-Cap*.

The *Mum-cask* thus silenc'd, the next that pretended,  
 Were *Cyder* call'd *Redstreak* with *Perry* attended.  
*Hah! hah! hah!* quoth God *Bacchus* what fellows are these?  
 We are, answer'd they, if your Godship it please,  
 The Old Britains Liquors call'd *Cyder* and *Perry*,  
 Which cheers up the Spirits, and makes the Heart merry,  
 And we once in our Lustre and Glory did shine;  
 Till our Credit was ruin'd by Foreigners Wine.  
 Those villanous Juices—bold, bold, ye *Slaves* bold,  
 With the Blood of the Grape ere you make but too bold,  
 Cry'd *Bacchus* in passion, how dare you compare  
 Your balderdash, crabbed, adulterate ware  
 With the Generous Grape, who has Vertues such odds,  
 It can equalize Mortals almost with the Gods?  
 Upon passion no farther, but hence get ye skipping,  
 Ye squeezings of Pears and the Juices of Pippin.

No sooner had these silly meakt out of Court,  
 But *Mead* and *Metbeglin* strait made their Report.

But *Bacchus* to make all his Fellow *Gods* merry,  
Made 'em perfectly dumb just like *Cyden* and *Perry*.

Not Bawds drunk at a Christning, Fish-wives a scolding,  
Or Rabble the Tricks of a Jugler beholding,  
Could make half such a Clamour or lowder could bawl,  
Than the Noise which was suddenly heard in the Hall;  
Occasioned by crowding, and heaving, and thrusting,  
Of a hundred *Brew'd Liquors* with anger half bursting,  
About the first Place and Precedence, Priority,  
Each of them pretending an equal Authority,  
Having first given large Testimonials of Praise  
To deprive all the rest of the Honor of Bays.

*God Bacchus* red-hot now with anger was grown,  
To hear such a Clamor so near to his Throne.  
By the Stars which adorn my Great Fathers high way,  
What mean you? whence come you? what are you I say?  
At which they all open, and each did not fail  
To cry out, *we are Beer, we are Beer, we are Ale*.  
This Clamor his *Godship* incensed more and more,  
And by *Styx* and by *Cerberus* loudly he swore;  
That if each of them did not leave off these disorders,  
For *Pluto's* black warrant he'd quickly send orders,  
Then as mute as dumb Fishes, they all ceas'd their bawling,  
And each in submission lowly prostrate and falling,  
For offending his *Godship* their sorrow express'd,  
And the tumult now over in *Bacchus* his breast,  
Hethen order'd that two should declare for the rest.

Then Beer 'gan to speak. May I with Reverence be spoke,  
 My self and my brethren most humbly invoke,  
 Your own, and your Fellow Gods kind approbation  
 Of us the best Liquors i' th' English Nation.  
 A Drink much applauded, and thought very good,  
 Not by English alone, but by Nations abroad;  
 For 'tis plain that the French and the Dutch do prefer;  
 Before their Rich Wines, the Bon Beer d' Angletorre;  
 And both Monsieur and Mian will leave Bourdeaux and Rhenish;  
 That their Guts with good Beer they may fully replenish.  
 'Tis the Staff of the Aged, and Life of the Young;  
 Make Weak men grow vigorous, and Lusty more strong.  
 'Tis——hold, hold, says Bacchus, no more of your talking,  
 For 'tis——nay it shall be the thing of your making.  
 It shall be what you please, like a Jugglers paper,  
 First a Horse, then a Fish, then a Bear, then a Taper;  
 But since Ale and your self in the Cause are concern'd,  
 'Twere but fit that both Pleadings were rightly discern'd;  
 Therefore speak to the Ale there, your twin Brother muddy,  
 That himself be recover from out his brown study.  
 With a Countenance fogg, Dull Ale does appear,  
 And bowing his Dropfical Corps to the Bar;  
 Says I, come mighty Sir, in the name of the rest,  
 Of my fellow Collegiates to stand to the Test,  
 By what Names or Titles so ever we're known by,  
 Or else by what age or complexion we're shewn by;  
 Whether York, Hull, or Lincoln, or Parents we own,  
 Or else brew'd in Darby, and Nottingham.

Whether



Whether Scurvy-grass, Datons, Gill, Buler, or Bunder, or any  
Or from London, or Southwark, or Lambeth we come  
We humbly implore your grace Wine in the Market, and  
Has of late so much lost its name, that we are  
That such Liquor as our Masters have been  
And which all our Masters have been  
Which all men approve of, and which all men  
Let the good Oyl of Daily pleasure be  
That we as a body call it, and we call it  
And a Patent procure from your grace, and we  
That none without Licence, call it Special, shall fail,  
To drink any thing else, but our Strong, happy, Brown Ale.

At this started Beer, and took much notice of the  
To a Brother, not wanting some of his Reflections  
But Bacchus by order soon casted the story  
And askt 'em if any thing else they would say  
They reply'd that at present they were content  
But humbly his Favor would they had more of it  
And their Masters too, who for Wine were so great.

Then ye Sons of this Nation, Dull and Dry Hopmen  
How hapned your Thoughts, that you should be so  
(Says Bacchus) to fancy I should be so  
You my Favor, who so lately were so good  
Ye dull, foggy, muddy, and heavy  
Fit only for Plowmen, and not for  
Get you gone to your Cellars, and  
If a Crown is to be had, and  
For did ever a Poet, or a  
Who with dull Beer and Ale made his heavy Panch swell?

Amaz

E

What

What Fancy, what Muse, could you ever suppose?  
You are Sons of the Earth, not the offspring of Heaven;  
When Statesmen have held a Committee, or Council,  
Durst either of you but stand up to the Council?  
Good Wine has been sipped to bear the Debate,  
Which without it had been but a Debate;  
But why on such terms my breath do I spend,  
Who dare with the Juice of the Grape to contend?  
When Carmen and Porten are Judges of Wine,  
Perhaps I may bear you, till when you are gone.

At command the last Liquor in Bowls steeped away,  
And none but Cock Ale did behind the rest stay:  
The Court, as his Majesty's design for to pass, *At this flared*  
And askt why he still, when the Court was so full,  
The I am not so vain to pretend to the flow, *To's Brother*  
(Answerd he) yet I will not stand off,  
For 'tis but a truth, which is very well known,  
How much I'm belov'd by the Sparks of the Town,  
And their Mistresses too, who fore Wine me prefer,  
When they meet at a House or a Tavern, *Then ye sons of*  
What precious intervals could we spend *How'd you*  
Between a Town Fife, and a man's singing, *(Says Barchus)*  
But mum—you may well be a man of wit,  
If I can't have the Bay, I'll have a Spring,  
Then Bacchus considering, would be very hard,  
If Boldness like his should not meet with respect,  
Hearing impudence, would be very hard,  
Made him Page of the Buck Stairs, or the Palace.

Small

*Small Beer* whilst the others so loudly did bawl,  
 Went sneaking and fawning all over the Hall;  
 And to speak for his goodness was very unwilling,  
 Since the Cloths on his back were but all worth *Six Shilling*.  
 Tho he took it in dudgeon, and thought it was hard,  
 To be pinch'd and abus'd by th' *Town* or th' *Guard*,  
 Which so often was done that a *Quarrel* arose,  
 And *Bacchus* himself did i' th' fray interpose,  
 But how angry he was when his Godship did hear,  
 That the *Quarrel* was only 'bout paltry *Small Beer*,  
 So before for himself he could make his report,  
 He was threatn'd a *Pumping*, and kickt out of *Court*.

Then the *Coffee-house*, *Liquors* began for so warm,  
 And came up to Bar, some cold, and some warm,  
 Says *Bacchus*, how happen'd it that in these doors,  
 Came this Crew of half sober, half drunk *Sons of Whores*?  
 But since they are here let 'em make their report,  
 For perhaps it may give some diversion to th' *Court*.

Then touching his *Turban* by way of Respect,  
 Stood up *Coffee*, and spoke to this kind of effect:  
 That when men overheated by Wine and Debauches  
 Had gotten their *Load*, and were drifter than *Roaches*,  
 By his pow'r they their senses could recover again,  
 And no longer be *Brutes*, but approve themselves *Men*.  
 Why then *Mr. Coffee*, in true sober justice,  
 Says *Bacchus*, you think that all drinking is madness;

But I know and am sure, when men part with their Reason,  
The Nonsense they talk, yet they never think of it;  
But in drinking of thee, Men are off from a Plow,  
Which costs them their Neck.

The next that attempted to put in his Plea,  
Was a Drink much admir'd by the Ladies, call'd Tea;  
But the Court plainly saw how he trick'd and fool'd,  
So without much debate was his Plea over-ruled.

Then up to the Bar with a Countenance bold,  
Came another Tea Liquor by Moderns call'd Chilli,  
But Bacchus soon found by acquaintance with Spirits,  
He lately had lost very much of his merits.  
For a Man would soon and should he walk the Town round  
Good Brandy, like Fidelity, hard to be found.

Then the Ladies and Sparks admir'd Drink Cocaine,  
In words very modish began a short prate,  
How he cherisht the Spirits, and tickled the Blood,  
And to make the Back strong was undoubtedly good,  
Hab! says Bacchus, what Time of a Liquor is this,  
With the Cherish and Tickle you may if you please,  
Be to Streets of St. Albans, and Bridget de joyning,  
For if longer you stay have a care of a Stinging,  
He is only my Favourite, and true Rally-Block,  
When he hugs a Half Flask, cry a Fare you for the Smack.

Rosa Solis spoke next, but he quickly gave o're,  
By Bacchus struck dumb for a Son of a Whore.



All Liqueurs by accident pass'd for good wine, and all good wine  
But he and some others were chosen by their Tastes, who said

When, by Christ's my Dear Son, by Sister Balthazar, Shalld I  
Upquench then set up with an insatiable Thirst, out to thy young  
Fridge Bacchus, if thou be thy own Christ, thou shalt be a  
For thou hast a Subject found, and I now Tangle come  
To make a Petition upon thy great Grace,  
That 'mongst other Liqueurs I may be a Favourite  
This silly Expression made all the Court smile,  
Then hast it (says Bacchus) and this is thy Title:  
Thou'rt the Exe of Juices, a Damnd Liquid fire,  
Hence, Tangle, hence, now thou hast thy desire.

The Court now began to appear very thin,  
And nothing like Liqueur about it was seen,  
But two or three Vessels who speechless did crawl,  
And at last, like cast Clients, crept out of the Hall.

Now all things were silent, The God started up,  
And taking of Necker Calceat's Cup,  
To his Fellow Gods drank, and concluded the Session,  
With this pithy Short Speech, and ingenious Confession.

I say, whether Deities, what a Contention,  
There is amongst Liqueurs of human Invention;  
That 'tis vain should I strive for to end the Contest,  
Or nicely determine which Liqueur is best,  
Let each Mortal be himself well soberly drink  
Of the Liqueur he likes, or what best he does think;

But

But yet let him always remember  
All Liquors by accident  
But he and some others  
To fill what he should

The Doctor will be  
Approv'd of the verdy  
And in Chariots of  
For this day a  
To make a  
Your  
This day  
You  
The  
About

The Court now began to appear very late  
And nothing like  
But two or three  
And at last

Now all things were silent  
And rising of  
To his fellow  
With this

There is enough  
That is  
Of the

# FAREWELL

TO

# VINE

By a *Quondam* Friend to the Bottle

**T**empt me no more, I swear I will not  
As soon you may in Wine's deep Snare  
Persuade me *Tenariff* to drink, or  
Or into *Ara's* scorching flame,  
My Mortal Carcase throw,  
As to a *Tavern* go—I hate the Name.  
There was indeed my Friend, there was a time,  
When to avoid the hurry, noise, and strife,  
With the tumultuous Cares of Life,

We

We in an Evening o're a Bottle met,  
And while the temporary flowing Glass,  
Did round about in order pass,  
Confer'd we Notes of Pleasure, Love and Wit,  
The Wine then was——— would a dull Muse inspire,  
Make Blockheads witty, Cowards bold;  
And in the bloodless, wither'd, old  
Men of Threescore blow up youthful Fire.

But now——— with what regret the Name I name,  
The Wine we drink is now no more the same,  
In former happy days it was,  
Then can a Man of Ninety Nine be said,  
With Withered Limbs and hoary Head,  
To be the self-same Creature as  
He was at Fourteen Years of Age.  
No, no, the vigorous Meat, the Spirit's gone:  
The Wine with which we now begin on a new  
Has not that body, nor that soul,  
It had before the War began;  
It either chills the blood———



# III

What arts my friend you have? What tricks you use?  
 My easy Temper to seduce,  
 Methinks a Tavern Door I enter  
 With such unwillingness as when a Maid  
 By Oaths and Promises betray'd,  
 Does venture on the *Plucking Sin*.  
 But here most solemnly I vow  
 Not to exceed a Glass or two:  
 No Bumpers shall your Friendship fill me  
 One Glass, if *Aqua fortis*, would not kill me.

# IV

Some Claret Boy—Indeed Sir, we have none.  
 Claret Sir—Lord there's not a Drop in Town.  
 But we've the best Red Port—What's that you call  
 Red Port?—a Wine Sir comes from Portugal,  
 PD fetch a Pint Sir,—Do make haste you Slave,  
 In things of sence what mighty faith some have,  
 To give their healths up to a Vintners Boy.  
 Who with one Dash perhaps can it destroy  
 And when the threatening Gout or Fever comes,  
 To Quack in *Pelvet Coat*.  
 Who all his Learning has by rote  
 To purchase Health again give liberal Sums.

## V.III

Pray take your ~~Wife~~ <sup>Wife</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~children~~ <sup>children</sup>, by your good favor, and send W

I'll view it first, and note its favor

Is this the Wine you so covet?

Pray look upon't my dear

It looks almost as brown and yellow

As is the face of warlike Fellow,

Who has for seven Campaigns in Florida

Observe, observe it once again ;

See how *Ten Thousand Arrows* dance about the Glass,

Of Eggs, and Lime, and Symply.

Mark how it smells, methinks a real pain,

Is by its odor thrown upon my brain.

I've tasted it——'tis spiritless and flat,

And has as many different tastes,

As can be found in compound page:

In Lumber Pye, or saporiferous Merbriate

## VI

Sir, If you please, I'm a fresh Hog Head perfit.

Pierce your own head you dog

**Maggots and Lice, instead of Brains.**

What other *Wines* you brewing Af,

Have you, you would for *Claret's* pass

Speak quickly, come their names relie

Sir, We defy all London to compare,  
 A Glas of Wine with our *Navarre*,  
 And then for *Barcelona*, *Syracuse*,  
 Or *Catavella* now so much in use,  
 With rich *Gallicia Wine* & mighty *Store*,

*Florence* and ——— hold you plating Whelp, *And we a Price*

But fetch us up a Pint of my *fort*,  
*Navarre*, *Gallicia*, any thing, but *not*

Tes Sir ——— These nimble *Knobs* of *Fupp* *Wink*,  
 How merrily their Tongues can wag,  
 As sure as *Moral Certainty*,

The *Vintners* have some *needy Spark* in Fee,  
 T invent hard names for all their Wines, that so,  
 They off more quick, and currantly may go.

## VII

Come Boy the Wine ——— I hope shall please you *Sir*,  
 No question on't ——— Come of all *Saints* to th' *Mother*

A Health ——— For take it, this is worse than *any* *Wine*,  
 From this *Floors* Center any I never fill

If 'tis not sweet, and *lowre*, and hot, and *smells*,  
 Of *Brimstone*, or of something else

Wine do you call this *poysnous Drink*,  
 They T quite besides their will I think ;

Tis *Florence*, *Pont*, *Navarre*, and all together,  
 For *Bartholomew*, is not this lovely *Weather*

Here, take your Money for your *(Stuff call'd)* *Wine*,  
 Which from this time I utterly decline

VIII You

And I have been in London  
A Glass of Wine and a  
And then for Barrels  
Or Chawell was so much to all

You see my Friend, these things by their progress  
How they improve our way of living  
And we a Price of our own  
But let us up a Plot of our own  
For that Devil's own which is the  
Which Myself is the only one  
Sooner we'd least of all  
Than Venture on the  
The Future have some more spirit in  
I invent hard names for all these things  
They off more quick, and certainly not

FINIS

IV

These following Poems are written by the Author of the Poem

1. THE Folly of Love. A new Satire on Love, No. 1. on the  
2. The Pleasures of the Marriage, a Poem in praise of the  
fair Sex, in requital for the Poem, and Poem on the  
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3. The Poem on the Poem, a Poem.  
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7. The Poem on the Poem, a Poem.  
Villany of the Poem, and the Poem on the Poem, a Poem.  
8. The Poem on the Poem, a Poem.  
Drinkers, 6d.  
9. The Search after Love, or a Visitation of the Poem, a Poem in 2  
Parts, 12d.



